

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Then I will come to my mother by and by,  
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,  
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,  
Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,  
And doe such busines as the bitter day  
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,  
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer  
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,  
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,  
How in my words someuer she be shent,  
To giue them scales neuer my soule consent.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Rosencrans, and Gylidensterne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs  
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,  
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,  
And he to *England* shall along with you,  
The termes of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so neer's as doth hourelly grow  
Out of his browes.

*Gyl.* We will our selues prouide,  
Most holy and religious feare it is  
To keepe those many many bodies safe  
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

*Ros.* The single and peculier life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind  
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more  
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests  
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie  
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw  
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele  
Fixt on the somner of the highest mount,  
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things  
Are mortelst and adioynd, which when it falls,

*Each*

*Prince of*

Each small annexment petty conse  
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer  
Did the King sigh, but a generall

*King.* Arme you I pray you to th  
For we will fetters put about this f  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros.* We will hast vs. *Exeunt*

*Enter Polonius*

*Pol.* My Lord, hee's going to h  
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my f  
To heare the proceffe, I'll warrant  
And as you sayd, and wisely was i  
Tis meete that some more audien  
Since nature makes them parciall,  
The speech of vantage; farre you  
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to b  
And tell you what I knowe.

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord  
O my offence is ranck, it smells to  
It hath the primall eldest curse vp  
A brothers murther, pray can I r  
Though inclination be as sharp a  
My stronger guilt defeats my stre  
And like a man to double busin  
I stand in pause where I shall fir  
And both neglect, what if this cu  
Were thicker then it selfe with b  
Is there not raine enough in the f  
To wash it white as snowe, wher  
But to confront the visage of offe  
And what's in prayer but this tw  
• To be forestalled ere we come to  
• Or pardon being downe, then I'l  
My fault is past, but oh what for  
Can serue my turne, forgiue me r  
• That cannot be since I am still p  
• Of those effects for which I did t  
My Crowne, mine owne ambitio